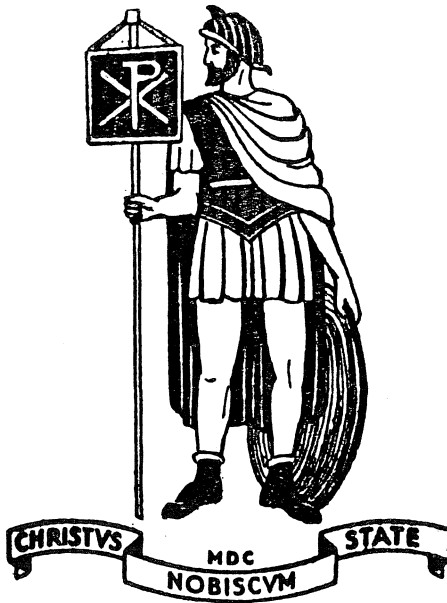


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1951

# Alcester Grammar School Record

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No. 99.

JULY, 1951.

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EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

Mary Burrows, Jennifer Birch, Barbara Druller, Jill Kempster,  
Wendy Lovell, Finnemore i, Feast, Davies ii.

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## SCHOOL REGISTER

### VALETE

Deer, F. A. (VI.), 1945-51.  
Edkins, A. A. (V.E), 1946-51.

Jones, W. G. (IV.B), 1947-51.  
Portman, B. (III.B), 1947-51.

*Omitted last term*

Green, D. E. M. (IV.B), 1947-50.

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### SALVE

Dormand, G. S. (III.B).

There have been 296 pupils in attendance this term.

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## OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

*Hon. Secretary :*  
J. M. Stewart.

*President :*  
G. P. Baylis.

*Hon. Treasurer :*  
Mrs. M. Feast.

### Summer Reunion

The Headmaster has kindly consented to the Reunion being held at the School on Saturday, July 21st, and Old Scholars who have not had the opportunity of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Davison will then be able to do so and to join in giving them a warm welcome to the activities of the Guild.

Members of the Guild on our records have been sent invitations, but, of course, all Old Scholars will be welcome if they will let the Secretary know that they are coming and also whether they wish to play tennis.

**Spring Dance**

A Dance was held in the Alcester Town Hall on Easter Tuesday, with H. Beszant and his Orchestra, and a satisfactory sum was added to the funds. Some difficulty was experienced in selling tickets beforehand, and may we point out that the Dances are arranged primarily for the enjoyment of Old Scholars as well as helping our finances. The Committee would therefore be saved a lot of worry if members would buy their tickets in advance.

*J. M. S.*

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**BIRTHS**

- On April 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bremner (née Margaret Blackford)—  
—a daughter.  
On April 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Paddon (née Dorothy Gale)—  
a son.  
On June 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Holtom (née Margaret Barker)—  
a son.  
On April 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Allport (née Mary Austin)—a  
daughter.  
On June 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. L. Philpott (née Edna James)—a son.  
On June 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Harrison (née Betty Slaughter)—  
a son.  
On July 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Cox (née Stella Stevens)—a daughter.  
On July 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Rees (née Margaret Crouch)—a  
daughter.

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**MARRIAGES**

- On August 5th, 1950, at Studley, Derrick Thompson to Winifred Mary  
Beasley (scholar 1916-19).  
On March 26th, at Studley, Douglas R. Webber to Joan L. Boote  
(scholar 1938-43).  
On March 31st, at Wootton Wawen, Alfred Charles Phillipson to  
Maureen Winifred Pallett (scholar 1941-46).  
On April 14th, at Burton Dassett, Arthur William Jordan (scholar  
1933-39) to Margaret Elizabeth Hughes.  
On April 21st, at Basingstoke, Robert H. Arnold (scholar 1934-41) to  
Pamela Sloan.  
On April 28th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Harold Heckingbottom to Jeannette  
Silvester (scholar 1943-46).  
On May 5th, at Alcester, Arthur Wilkes to Kathleen Margaret Hunt  
(scholar 1943-46).  
On June 16th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Michael Cernenoks to Mary Nadine  
Davis (scholar 1943-48).

- On June 23rd, at Ullenhall, Kenneth George Earle to Freda Margaret Summers (scholar 1942-47).  
On June 23rd, at Studley, Franz Janka to Pauline Holmes (scholar 1946-48).  
On June 30th, at Feckenham, Barry Russell-Jones to Alison Jean Smith (scholar 1930-31).  
On July 7th, at Alcester, Stanley G. Biddle (scholar 1935-39) to Heather Woolnough (scholar 1940-43).
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### DEATH

- On January 30th, Mary Evelyn Byrd (née Adkins).
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### OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

In a hockey match played on Thursday, April 26th, an Old Scholars' team lost to the School Girls 1st XI. by two goals to three. The Old Scholars' team consisted of R. Bunting, E. Holder, S. Spencer, M. Rowland, S. Goulbourne, A. Slaughter, J. Preston, V. Jaques, J. Prosser, G. Ainge.

Audrey Butt, who obtained her B.Litt. in Social Anthropology at Oxford last year, has gone to British Guiana for two and a half years' research. Her work will involve her living in the settlements of South American Indian tribes, learning their language and recording their social organisation.

D. E. W. Spencer has obtained a B.A. in history at Cambridge, with second-class honours.

C. J. E. Kempster has been awarded a Foundation Scholarship at Clare College, Cambridge.

G. H. Haines is serving in the R.A.F.

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### THE COLLECTING HABIT

There is one characteristic common, I think, to most people, and that is the collecting habit. This habit is, with some people, hardly noticeable, but with others it soon becomes an obsession.

Actually, there are two kinds of people who have this obsession: those who collect without intending to do so, and those who do so for the sake of collecting. This second group, generally specialising in one kind of article, collects china, or stamps, or butterflies, or books, or manuscripts, or Roman remains, or other things of this kind, and usually spends quite a lot of money in so doing. Then they vie with other collectors to own the best collection of a certain thing in the country, or even in the world.

I, however, am of the first group, which collects all kinds of things. One of the chief places which is always filled to overflowing with my odds and ends is a certain drawer in my bedroom. Here I keep

innumerable things, all different, yet none of which will fit in any of my "organised" drawers, my stocking drawer, my glove-and-scarf drawer, or my writing-paper drawer. Most of the contents of this drawer are curios given to me by relations who have travelled in other lands, and include a necklace of snakes' backbones, and a tiny, hollowed-out red berry which contains an even smaller ivory elephant, and a little wooden kitchen complete with wooden contents. However, to prevent this from becoming a curio drawer, I find there those wooden date-box lids which I cannot throw away because "I may need them some day," and those yellow shoe-laces which are "sure to come in useful," and many other peculiar things.

The thing that worries me at times, though, is that, although I do periodically go through this drawer, I never seem able to say: "Oh! this should be in the —— drawer," or "Well, I certainly do not want that any more!" Rather, I find that I can always see a reason for keeping this, that, and the other thing, and I am always thinking of something else to be kept, and stuffing that in the drawer as well. I sometimes wonder what will have happened by the time I am fifty—I suppose I shall need at least two houses: one to live in, and one in which to store my "treasures."

For this sort of thing does not only happen with curios, unusual or small things; it happens with other things as well. For example, I find myself terribly loath ever to throw away a frock. I have just passed through the age when I grew rapidly, seemingly all at once, but nevertheless "that too-short dress might be useful one day; I might one day sew on a deep false hem, or make a blouse of it."

Other places which seem to fill rapidly are my blazer pockets. I have never been able to understand this fact, because I never intentionally fill them with odds and ends; these seem just to appear, as if by magic, in my pockets. One day, having had a search through my pockets for unwanted matter, I set out for school with perhaps five objects altogether in my three pockets, and in two days' time I have at least a dozen!

However, besides these seemingly uncontrollable collecting habits, I have one which belongs to the second group I mentioned, that of things collected intentionally. I intentionally collect Christmas cards. Needless to say, this habit arose from seeing the loaded mantelpieces at Christmas, and thinking what a shame it would be to throw them away, I have collected quantity rather than quality, and none of my cards is worth anything to anyone but myself. But nevertheless I love to look through them at the variety of pictures and ideas. Each time Christmas comes, I watch the cards carefully to see that not one is mislaid or damaged.

Owing to this fact, I wonder whether, perhaps, one day I shall develop a real habit for collecting one kind of thing only; perhaps indeed Christmas cards, and, my "odds and ends" forgotten, shall race around hunting for this one kind of thing, just another collector (class two).

*JILL KEMPSTER (VI.).*

**A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FLOWER VASE**

I am a flower vase, and I belong to III.A. My life here is quite interesting, and I am now going to describe a typical day in my life at Alcester Grammar School.

It is Monday, and the classroom is quiet and empty, as no one has arrived yet, but now I hear footsteps along the corridor, and presently one of the flower monitors enters. She walks over to the window and picks me up from my position on the window-sill; then she carries me carefully down to the cloakroom. What a babble! Everybody is pushing everybody else. I shall be glad to get back to III.A, noisy as they are! The monitor empties my dead occupants into the waste-paper basket, fills me with clean water and places fresh flowers in me. Then I am banged down on the shelf while one of my fellow vases is attended to. When I get back to the classroom, I spend a quiet time until after registration, when Miss Lavery calls to see if she may borrow some flowers. If I am the lucky vase, I am taken up to the Art Room for an hour. When I get back from this interesting encounter, I spend the rest of the day in peace, gazing out of the window at the traffic passing up and down. I am a tall vase, and can just see out of the window. If I am on top of the cupboard and I have some flowers with a tendency to hang down, they are in disgrace for the first lesson in the afternoon, when they get caught in the hair of a certain member of the staff as she chalks industriously on the board. The rest of my day is spent quietly, as III.A are out for the other two lessons.

Well, so much for a day in my life. I am always very glad that I am not one of those hard-working members of III.A.

*ROSEMARY SKINNER (III.A).*

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**BABIES !**

It was such a gloomy afternoon. Head in hands, I stared out at the unhappy world around me. It was drizzling with rain, and hedge, gate, flowers and everything was eternally dripping, dripping, dripping.

Then the world cheered up, for suddenly two babies were sitting on the lawn with their adoring mother hopping around them. Thrushes!

The two younger birds sought protection beneath the hedge, while the breadwinner, or rather wormwinner, hopped, listened, pecked and pulled all over the lawn. Most of the unfortunate worms she ate herself, but quite a few she carried in her beak to "his majesty," and with a quick jerky movement rammed the worm whole down the wide orange-lined beak. Then the mouth would shut. The lid would close over the beady eye and the baby would sink to an attitude of repose, no longer interested.

This happened again and again, but I noticed that she carried all the worms to one baby. Still, I suppose it was not my business, for I

was only an unseen spectator at this glimpse of family life. But at last she hopped in the direction of the other baby, who was proclaiming his hunger by loud chirps.

Ah! you say; but she was followed by her other charge. He settled down by his hungry brother, and when the mother turned round with his brother's meat ration, he promptly opened his mouth and swallowed it. This happened a few times. He was certainly very greedy and very bold. The injured and still hungry party gave his well-fed brother a sharp peck, and there ensued a short scurry of feathers, accompanied by pained tweets.

The mother, who completely ignored this family scene, hopped through the fence into our neighbour's garden, and a feathery family abandoned their squabble and followed her. They knew where the food came from.

I wonder if we behaved in that way when we were infants!

*BERYL POPE (II.A).*

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### MUSIC

The milk-boy came along the road whistling merrily and gaily as though in defiance of the wet, muggy morning. He set down his can and bottles with a clatter, but still continued to whistle. The tune was a "catchy" one—"Music, music, music." The girl, longing for another ten minutes in bed, felt inclined to call to the boy to stop making such a noise. She decided against it, however, and, as it was useless trying to sleep again, got up.

As she prepared her breakfast, she found herself humming quietly. She could not make out what the tune was until suddenly she realised that her kitchen was being filled with "Music" oft repeated. She stopped herself, still angry with the boy for waking her up, but as she reached work she found herself humming once again, and this time did not try to control herself.

By lunch-time, the girl who worked at the next desk to hers was reproducing the tune, and when she herself went out to have lunch with a naval officer she was still softly humming up to the time she met him.

As soon as he had parted from her and had gone to join some friends at the harbour, he began to whistle, and the tune was "Music, music, music." A sailor, sitting on the quayside, watched him go, liked the tune, and began to whistle it himself.

He went home a little later, still whistling, and sat outside his mother's kitchen door, smoking and being generally lazy. The fishing boats were out, and he had nothing to do, so he whiled his time away whistling and whittling a stick. His mother heard him and began to sing, at first loudly and rather tunelessly, but later more softly, so that both the tune and the words were recognizable.

After tea, the woman went off to clean the office in which our early-awakened friend worked, and, by chance, the girl was still there; clearing her desk. As the fisherman's mother came in, singing very softly, the girl started, having caught the tune again, and when putting on her coat began to hum once more.

From the office she went straight to the pictures, and enjoyed a good performance, which was rounded off by the strains of "Music, music, music."

How tunes travel!

BARBARA DRULLER (VI.).

### " IS ' MERCY-KILLING ' JUSTIFIABLE? "

Most people that I have met and talked to on this subject seem to believe that "mercy-killing" is justifiable. I think, however, that it is too large a problem just to answer either "It is" or "It is not."

It is a problem which has to be faced from every angle, and is one that you have to try to understand with the view of everyone concerned.

I have often thought over the question myself, and I have come to the conclusion that I do think "mercy-killing" is justifiable. I cannot say I definitely know that if I were in the place of the suffering person I would want to die; I do not know, for this is one of the problems that has to be faced before it can be realised. However, I *think* I would rather die than suffer hours of agony.

From the doctor's point of view it is a decidedly different matter. Surely you have to be very brave to perform such an act as to kill a fellow human-being, even if it is for their own good! Moreover, the doctor would probably remember it for the remainder of his days; unless he had no conscience and no heart whatsoever.

It would not, however, be so difficult for a doctor to perform the act as a relative or friend. If I were in the position, I am certain I would be too much of a coward to kill a relative or friend. If, on the other hand, I knew that they would never recover, I do know I would do my best to satisfy their request.

Therefore I think that "mercy-killing" is justifiable, and I think it a far greater cruelty to allow a person to suffer than to cause their death by injecting, or by some other simple, painless action.

JILLIAN SMITH (V.A.).

### NOTES AND NEWS

The Summer Term opened on Wednesday, April 11th, and closes on Tuesday, July 31st.

\* \* \* \*

A party of girls attended the ladies' international hockey match. (England v. Ireland) at Wembley on Saturday, March 3rd.



The Cross-country Races were run on Friday, March 9th, the Senior event being won by Sharpe i, and the Junior event by Allen.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Friday, March 9th, a talk on Banking was given to the Fifth Forms by Mr. F. R. Careless, manager of Lloyd's Bank, Alcester.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Tuesday, March 13th, a party of senior girls paid a visit to Worcester Girls' Grammar School to see a dancing display.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Wednesday, March 14th, the Dramatic Society presented a play-reading of "*The Oak Settle*."

\* \* \* \* \*

On Wednesday, February 21st, a party of senior pupils travelled to Birmingham to attend a performance of "*Le Barbier de Seville*," presented by the Cercle Francais of Birmingham University.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hockey colours were presented to Hadwen, Buckley, Drew, Paddock, B. Clarke, F. Highman, W. Lovell; Netball colours to J. Birch, D. Browne and E. Craddock.

\* \* \* \* \*

The picture awarded for the tidiest form room was won by IIIA.

\* \* \* \* \*

A visit to Switzerland was paid by pupils from the Sixth and Fifth during the Easter holidays.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Wednesday, April 18th, members of Form VB, with Mr. Hadwen, attended a performance of "*Henry IV., Part I.*" at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.

\* \* \* \* \*

A second party, composed of pupils of Forms VI. and IV.A, with Mr. Davison, saw "*Richard II.*" on Wednesday, April 25th.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Wednesday, May 2nd, a third party, comprising members of Forms VI. and VA, with Mr. Druller and Mr. McAlister, witnessed a performance of "*Henry IV., Part I.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Ames has been absent since April 23rd, serving with the R.A.F., under the reserve training scheme.

\* \* \* \* \*

The class-room of Form IV.B has become the French Room, with Mr. McAlister as form master.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prefects' insignia now consist of ties and badges. The latter consist of the word "Prefect" upon a red background surmounted by the School badge.

In connection with the General Certificate examinations, French orals were held on Friday, May 4th, and German orals on Thursday, May 11th.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Mile was run on Thursday, May 11th, and resulted in a win for Horne.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Friday, May 25th, the Nursing Exhibition Van paid a visit to the school. A lecture was given to senior girls.

\* \* \* \* \*

The School was closed on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun week, and a half-term holiday was taken on Monday, June 11th.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Oxford General Certificate examinations began on Wednesday, June 20th.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Sports day this year is being held on Thursday, July 19th, the report on it will be held over for next term's magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Mr. Lord on the occasion of his wedding.

\* \* \* \* \*

The price of school dinners has this term increased to sevenpence. Dinner tickets are no longer issued, but the money is now collected at table.

\* \* \* \* \*

A.G.S. team won the Inter-Schools Cup at the Alcester Carnival Sports on Saturday, June 9th.

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### THE HORSE-SHOE PASS

Once, when we were coming back from my grandparents in Wales, we decided to return through the Horse-shoe Pass. After travelling for about half-an-hour, we started to climb up a winding road through dense woods, and then, after we had climbed for about twenty minutes, we suddenly came out on to the mountain-side, on a spot that seemed to be miles high.

In the valley, at the very bottom, was a village looking exactly like a toy one. Then the road went slowly winding down, with nothing to stop your rolling down a cliff a few hundred feet. Down and down we went, and soon we were going along the opposite side of the valley to that we had gone along in the first place, making the shape of the road like a horse-shoe, from which it derived its name. Soon we were going through a village which we recognised to be the one which we had seen like a toy model from the top of the pass, and we looked up and saw a car like a tiny midget going along the road we had left.

We continued to go downhill much more steeply, and soon met some very steep hills, until we levelled out and glided into the town of Llangollen, after a very enjoyable stage of our journey.

*J. COOPER (III.A).*

**AN EVENING SHADOW**

A long slender fly alighted on the soft, rippling waters of the clear stream. It floated lazily on a little way, and then made a frantic attempt to flutter off into the cool evening air. The attempt failed, and the fly, partially submerged, drifted on, apparently in the hope that some water-weed would obstruct the flow of the current, and so prove its rescuer.

Farther downstream a handsomely-spotted trout idled in the evening sunshine. A shadow moving slowly on the water's surface caught his eye. Easily, gracefully but rapidly, he swam upwards. One snap of those strong jaws and the shadow was gone.

The trout returned to the tranquil depths of the stream, to bask in the last rays of the setting sun.

*ANN SWINGLEHURST (II.A).*

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**THE PECULIAR BEETROOT**

When I joined the photographic club, I started to develop my own photographs at home, and I put my developer and things up on the shelf. My developer was in an old vinegar bottle.

Then one day we had beetroot for dinner, and we all said it tasted peculiar. We did not think much of it, so we ate it all. About a fortnight later I was going to do some developing when I saw the bottle was empty, so I asked who had used it. My mother said: "I thought that was vinegar, so I used it for the beetroot. That must have been why it tasted so bad the other week." I had never thought to take off the label. It was a good job it was not poison, or we would not be here now!

*F. EDMONDS (III.B).*

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**CONVERSATION PIECE**

There is a flash of bright red between the tall green hedges of the twisting country lane. In a few moments the school bus squeaks to a standstill. I have a hollow feeling in my inside as I shoulder my satchel, which suddenly feels very heavy, and I realise that it is Monday morning, and I have the Monday Morning Feeling.

Once on the rattling bus, speeding towards Alcester, I begin to feel cheered up after about ten minutes or so, as groups of fellow-scholars clamber on to the bus and begin to recount to their own personal friends (in what I suppose they imagine are quiet tones) their highly thrilling adventures of the week-end. The conversations range from cricket to chemistry, from tennis to trigonometry.

There is the youth who sits at the back and denounces the school cricket team to anyone who is listening, says what *he* would have done if only he had been included in the team. How he personally would never have given the other side a chance. If only . . . !

Next the two serious girls, not yet having acquired the fourth form devil-may-care attitude to life, who discuss in earnest tones a hundred-and-one ways of doing the week-end algebra. Everyone within hearing, of course, offers useful suggestions—muddled and often wrong!

Just behind me sit the noisy clique who gossip loudly and tell all within hearing how many times they played tennis, with whom, who won, how many ice-creams they consumed, what sort of ties their boy friends wore, who started the latest scandal in the village . . . And so it goes on. The remarkable thing is that not one of the gossips ever gets short of breath, and all talk at once all the way to school! On the whole, the quietest pair are the two girls discussing in loud whispers the Youth Club dance. All I can hear are occasional intelligent exclamations, such as, "Ooo-er," "Whatever did you do?" and "We! I nev-e-e-er!"

At about half-way house a small boy rushes on to the bus in hot haste.

"Done your French?"

"Yep."

"Lend me your book, there's a pal—got to get it done for first lesson. Anyone got a pen with any ink in it?"

At the front of the bus two second formers are getting the jitters.

"I'll never know it."

"Neither shall I."

"Whatever will we do?"

"Dunno; give us your book. Now then, you start again."

"Audax, audax audacem . . ."

The bus is nearing Alcester; all look at their watches to see if it is humanly possible to dodge prayers. What heathens!

All start to talk louder, piercing shrieks issue forth, there is a mad rush for satchels, tennis racquets, cricket boots and other paraphernalia which school children always seem to be laden with, and everyone slowly crawls into school.

I have come to the conclusion that none of my fellow-scholars realises what a small amount of noise an omnibus engine does, in fact, make. I often think what fun it would be to make a record of the Monday morning conversations, and play it back to my fellow-travellers. Do you know—I don't think they would believe it!

*DRUSILLA MORTIMORE (VI).*

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### **MY LAST FEW WEEKS AT THE A.G.S.**

It surprises me to think that in about four weeks' time I shall be leaving Alcester Grammar School. As I look back, it does not seem five years since my first morning here, and I remember how frightened I was, and how I loved our Form Mistress, Miss Hicks. Then I remember one Latin lesson when I shook hands with Mr. Jackson for getting ten out of ten. Since then I have gained some knowledge, but I know as much geometry and trigonometry now as I did then. I respect all the masters

and mistresses who have tried to teach me, but I wonder how many times they have nearly decided to give up.

These are just some of my reminiscences of good days, but there have been bad days, when I have longed to leave. Now my feelings about leaving and going out to work are mingled with joy and sadness, and I hope to return to the old school many times in the years to come.

MARIE CRADDOCK (V.B).

### OUR GARDEN SHED

Is there a muddle in your garden shed,  
As there is in ours?  
With boxes of plants everywhere,  
Which we hope will soon be flowers?

There is a watering can inside the door,  
Over which anyone might fall;  
And the low roof is dangerous,  
Especially if you are tall.

There are spades and forks and trowels and rakes  
Scattered around the floor,  
And in a corner, on bags, are the bulbs  
Which are being kept in store.

Behind the door is some raffia  
Hung from a rusty nail,  
There is a bag of fertiliser near,  
And beside it, an old pail.

I have tried to give the picture  
That I know would meet your eye,  
If inside our garden shed, one day,  
You peeped as you passed by.

BARBARA STANFORD (IV.A).

### LATE AGAIN!

As I climbed up the stairs to bed,  
A pretty thought came in my head—  
To-morrow I will early be  
And shock the whole assemb-er-ly.

As on the hanger I placed my frock,  
I seized my aunt's alarm clock.  
I turned the knob which then did fix  
The bell to ring at half-past six.

The bell's loud ringing did me wake  
And caused my heart within to quake.  
"Alas!" I cried, "is this my fate?"  
'Tis better to rise at half-past eight."

I hurriedly dressed and broke my fast.  
Determined that I should not be late.  
I seized my satchel, out fell my work.  
I pushed it in. I must not shirk.

I looked with alarm at the hands of the clock.  
But, lo and behold, a hole in my sock!  
Darn it I must—so down I sat.  
While the dog ran off with my lovely red hat.

I mounted my bike. The school gate at last.  
I ran up the path, but nine it is past.  
I took off my coat, I hung up my hat—  
A prefect appeared: "Late again, Fat!"

PATRICIA WELLM (III.B).

**AN EASTER TRIP TO SWITZERLAND**

It was with some misgiving that I started on my first part of the trip to Switzerland, especially at having to leave Stratford at 3.30 a.m. Our first part of the journey was uneventful until we reached Newhaven, where we were greeted with the news that we could travel to Dieppe, but that no trains could be guaranteed to meet us. We went, however, passing through the Customs and on to the ship.

We finally sailed from England at 10.30 a.m., and had a smooth crossing. With one notable exception we all enjoyed it, exploring the ship as best we could for crowds of holiday-makers. We finally landed at Dieppe at about 2 p.m., with people all surrounding the harbour and staring at us. Of course, we all knew that the French would be no different from the English, and anyway, we had all seen Frenchmen before; but I must confess that I felt a certain disappointment at our first foreigner. He was a Gendarme, although he looked more like a commissionaire down on his luck than a policeman! And this, coupled with the fact that he had two large canine teeth and a stupid leer, earned him the name of "Goofy."

We had been waiting in the boat for about an hour before they would allow us to disembark. We finally queued up to pass through the Customs, all pushing and jostling our way. The passport and Customs officials were courteous and nicely dressed, and for awhile we felt our first impressions were unfounded. But not for long!

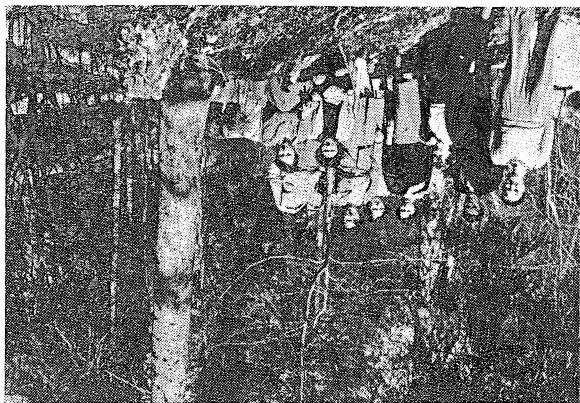
First there was a mad scramble to get on to the train. Finally we all had seats, and waited. It seemed hours before we eventually left Dieppe. Then, to our surprise, we saw crowds of workers lining the railway tracks and shaking their fists and calling us names. They were the strikers. The contrast between the excitable French dockworkers on strike and the placid English ones at Newhaven was too much for us, and we were glad of the armed police with us. Slowly we chugged our way past them, and then sped towards Paris.

At Paris we hurried along the lighted streets, dashing from one street to another at a hair-raising speed. No one who has been to Paris can ever forget the traffic, and I must confess I have never been more scared in my life—but it nevertheless so bewildered our friend, Hooshal B. Nameless, that he thought he was in Evesham Street at Redditch! We stopped for a meal, and then sped on again to the other station.

Here we were greeted with the news that they didn't know what time the train would run. We made our ways to the waiting-room, but after a while left to wander round, and I went to buy a pen-knife. This was a dreadful moment. I paid over my money, but received no knife. and I was called "Voleur" and shouted at, to the great amusement of the by-standers, who enjoyed this teasing of the youth of England, but finally I received the knife and realised it was all a joke.

Suddenly the train arrived. The largest members of our party managed to get some compartments, and held them with their lives until we reached them. Finally we left at about 11 p.m., and settled down to sleep, but in the dead of night we were rudely awakened with the cry of

*Good Friday in brilliant sunshine.*



*A "postcard" scene.*



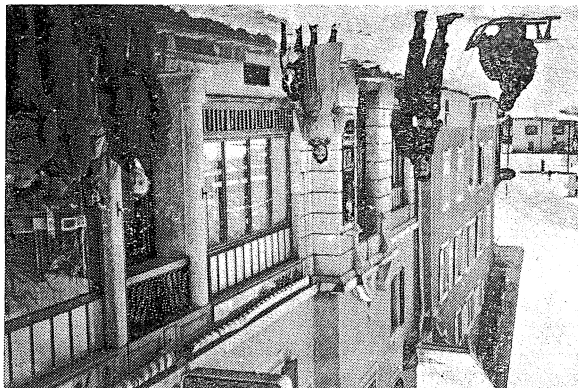
*Typical chalets, Chateau d'Oex.*



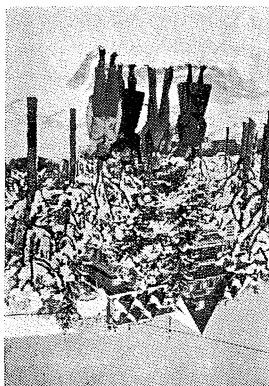
In Sw.  
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Switzerland,  
w, 1951.

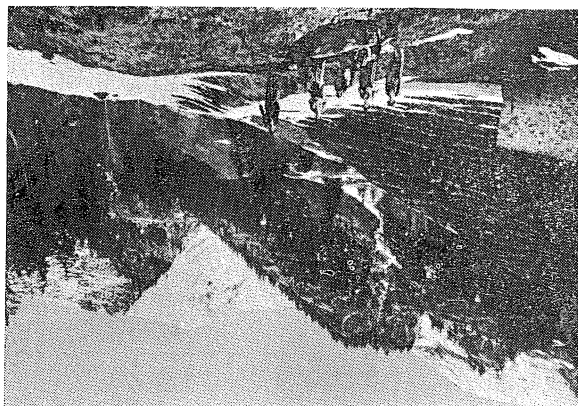
A sledding party.



Off for a tramp on Easter  
Monday.



Good Friday on the lower slopes.





"passe-ports." It wasn't till about six in the morning that we started slowing down and stopping. We passed through beautiful country, the hill slopes covered with snow, tunnels with glistening icicles, and occasional sights of small chalets, which excited us greatly even at that unearthly hour.

At Neuchatel we had to leave the train owing to the fact that we had not been in the "voiture directé" at the beginning. Finally we reached Montreux, going practically all round the beautiful lake and looking down on to the town itself.

Next came the thrill of the mountain railway, going up, and up, into the mountains, heavily covered with snow, Montreux slowly disappearing. We stopped every so often at tiny wayside "halts," and had time to see the chalets and peer down into the valleys and marvel at the swift blue rivers deep down in the steep ravines. We crept along, sometimes passing through tunnels which seemed incredibly long, gradually climbing higher and higher and further into the mountains, until at last we arrived at Chateau D'Oex, too tired to look round, and only feeling the snow sting our faces and melt down our backs. This was certainly Switzerland!

*PATRICIA ELMORE and R. Warburton.*

### **QUEER HABITS IN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND**

In our travels abroad we noticed for ourselves many strange habits. For instance, cars in England travel on the left side of the road, but in France and Switzerland it seemed very queer to find the traffic approaching from the right-hand side, and we were all quite sure that we should be sliced to pieces while crossing Paris.

Another thing we all noticed as peculiar was the way in which bicycles were parked, for there were special arrangements made by which bicycles could be hung up from the front wheel, whereas we in England leave them standing up or prop them against something.

The continental system of meals seemed rather peculiar to most of us. Instead of a substantial breakfast, we had a light meal of rolls and coffee. The midday meal and the evening meal were long and large and satisfying, but we all of us felt hungry at tea-time, and we hardly saw tea itself at all. Another strange custom at mealtimes was serving lettuce with hot meals, the lettuce being placed on a separate plate but eaten at the same time.

While we were on our walks, we found other strange habits and customs to note. For example, in winter time transport in Switzerland is by horse-drawn sleigh, while at other times of the year, bread, milk and laundry are delivered by horse-drawn wagons, which can always be heard approaching because all the animals have bells round their necks.

We were also very puzzled at first when we discovered that signposts in Switzerland do not indicate the distance from one place to another, but tell you how long the journey takes. We were also horrified to discover that the people who time them walked at least three times as fast as we did!

It was on our walks also that we had our attention drawn to the foreign method of closing a level-crossing to on-coming traffic. The pole which is dropped across the road is clearly painted red and white, but hardly seems adequate compared with our five-barred gates.

All trains in Switzerland are electric driven, as we noticed with surprise on our outward journey and anticipated with pleasure on our return. They are speedy, smooth and quiet-running, and made our travelling on both journeys extremely pleasant.

*ANN PALMER.*

### OLLA PODRIDA

A place where two roads meet, writes P.B., is known as a conjunction.

\* \* \* \*

What exactly is a policeman's beet?

\* \* \* \*

A foolish and idle boy, according to E.A., may be taught grammar by having a singular male teacher.

\* \* \* \*

A nation that attacks another is called a dual nation, says E.M.

\* \* \* \*

The Romans and the enemy, declares J.W., met back to back.

\* \* \* \*

M.R. has discovered a new flower; it is called the Irsinth.

\* \* \* \*

Will B.D. explain what are layers of wild beasts?

\* \* \* \*

Did Shakespeare in "Midsummer Night's Dream" really write: "Hence, you long-legged spinsters, hence," as K.R. imagines?

\* \* \* \*

The fourth principal part of a Latin verb is called the Sublimate. writes H.H.

\* \* \* \*

G.S. states that she went to the pictures by herself with a friend.

\* \* \* \*

Talking about "penny-farthings." M.B. informs us that she always says "penny-halfpenny" instead of "three farthings."

\* \* \* \*

According to C.B., tadpoles cluster together to keep warm.

\* \* \* \*

She looks like a cow and talks like one, says M.B.

\* \* \* \*

Who was it who liked to drink orange squash tidy?

\* \* \* \*

All the men who had been shot down had fled, says a member of V.A.

**LOST ENDEAVOUR**

Composing a rhyme  
 Takes such a time  
 For silly, dumb people like me.  
 The subject first,  
 And then the verse,  
 Takes half an hour, you see.  
 I think and think,  
 And use up ink  
 On words which just won't rhyme;  
 And, do you know,  
 When, at last, I go  
 To bed, past my usual time.  
 My head does ache  
 And words I make  
 Go on and on for ever.  
 At last, with a sigh,  
 I no longer try,  
 And give up. Lost endeavour!

JACQUELINE GOLDBY (V.B.)

**A.G.S. AFLOAT**

We arrived at Newhaven as neat as could be.  
 And there right before us we saw the blue sea.  
 Through the Custom, we went and up the gang plank,  
 Once arrived at the top how our stomachs they sank!

And then we were off on that deep blue sea,  
 Charlie and Foggy and Dickey and me.  
 We rose and we fell and together we stood:  
 Were we watching these white cliffs go by there for good?

I went up with Edward, right into the bows.  
 We hoped this might keep us right on our toes.  
 The wind came and blew at it alone can,  
 Said Ted: "There's your cap gone for ever, my man!"

My cap now was gone, so from then on I wore  
 A beret I borrowed from kind Pat Elmore.  
 I went down below, but came up again quick,  
 And over the side I was violently sick.

For the rest of the crossing I couldn't care less.  
 I was worse than a ship in the greatest distress.  
 We arrived at Dieppe, and oh, wasn't it grand  
 To be once again standing on dear firm dry land!

H. FEAST (V.A.)

**KNOCKS AT THE DOOR**

Knock! knock! Just two short taps on the door. Mother immediately picks up some money and goes to the door to give it to the rent-man, who adds it to his hoard in a brown leather bag. Then he hurries off to one of the neighbour's houses.

We have just settled down again when a quick impatient knock sounds. That is the sign for members of the household to look in their pockets or handbags for some pennies. Yes! It is Mrs. So-and-So from next door, asking if anyone could possibly let her have some pennies in exchange for a threepenny-piece. She has just put a cake in the oven and the gas is going out. The money is changed, and our neighbour runs off.

We settle down once more, but there comes another knock on the door. This time it is several loud bangs, sending big brother racing to the door, to talk motor-bike talk with his friend, leaving chaos behind him.

At last comes father's turn. We hear an anxious voice asking if he could go at once to the "Pig and Crown," to make up the darts team, as someone has injured his wrist. Up jumps father and throws on his hat and coat, slamming the door as he does so.

I think that that really is the last caller. I must start my homework and put down my book. All is peace once more.

JENNIFER LETT (II.A).

### BRITISH WEATHER

The weather in Britain is one great big rain.  
And the whole population want someone to blame.  
The weather is cold, so jerseys survive  
Then a pell of warm weather nigh bakes you alive.  
Off come the woollens, and on the thin clothes.  
But a day or two later it practically snows.  
The summer has come! Put your gum-boots away!  
By the end of the week it has rained every day!  
Isn't it terrible? But what can be done?  
Let's all go to Florida and bask in the sun.

J. AULTON (II.B).

### NOTES FROM THE FORMS

#### The Sixth

There has been little activity of general interest this term. In past years, contributors to the summer-term magazine have been plentifully supplied with material from Sports day activities. This year, Sports day has been postponed until after the exams, much to the delight of the Science VIth. boys, whose perseverance and hard work (!) in preparing for the event have become a proverb. It is a cause of sorrow to me personally, however, since I have been deprived of an important source of "gen" which can always be worked up into a presentable article.

The raising of the price of the school dinner this term coincided with the decision of the Education Authority not to supply any more dinner tickets. This has led to an additional burden on the girl prefects, who now have to collect sevenpence from everyone at their respective dinner-tables.

A girl prefect was recently filled with consternation to see a "tramp" sitting on the girls' field consuming what purported to be food. She hastened to fetch reinforcements in the shape of three stalwart boy prefects. On examination from a discreet distance the "tramp" proved to be one of a gang of men who generally tidy up the place, left behind by his mates to cut the hedge.

As this article goes to press, we are in the middle of the exams. We have suffered the indignity of being summarily ejected from our sanctum, to the advantage of V.B. Exams, meanwhile, are being held in V.B. formroom. Doubts were expressed as to whether or not we should be troubled by feminine shrieks from the girls' cloakroom—but so far tongues have been controlled to a hitherto unprecedented degree.

The VIth. form will be seriously depleted at the end of the term by the departure of several of its members, including yours truly. I shall

not, therefore, be privileged to record the doings of the form in future. I hope, however, to be able to contribute to the magazine in my capacity as an Old Scholar.

*M. R. PERRYMAN.*

#### **V.a**

This term the form captains are Feast and Joan Waring. On July 9th, Wesson was non-running captain of the A.G.S. athletic team, which won the Alcester Festival Sports Cup. Feast and Savage are regular members of the cricket 1st XI., and Drew, Fogg, Barratt and Sutor of the 2nd XI. No girls represent the fifth in the first teams.

The only thing out of the ordinary to happen during last term was when the school played Bromsgrove and Barratt and Fogg were left behind. Recently Drew came to school and informed us that he had been "called up" for the day on which we start the "General Certificate"! Lucky or not so lucky? In the pre-Sports day events, Sharpe i won the senior cross-country, and Drew the throwing the cricket ball. In the mile, Savage was third, and Fogg fourth.

*J. SAVAGE.*

#### **V.b**

Our numbers have diminished owing to the departure of Ruby Lawrance, but the noise continues unabated. Some of us this term have accidentally been working, contrary to our reputation.

Horne succeeded in winning the Mile, and Paddock in getting second place. This shows what can be done by some of our members when they try.

Owing to the use of our formroom by the sixth, for the Higher School Certificate, we have been promoted to the sixth-form room. We do not, however, appreciate this promotion, as we think that the room has an austere and somewhat frowzy atmosphere.

According to one of our members, the best test for sulphur is to "eat" it.

#### **IV.a**

Form captains this term are :—Girls, Kathleen Highman; Boys, M. Malin.

Games captains are :—Girls' tennis, M. Woodfield; rounders, W. Lovell. Boys' cricket, P. Lane.

We are very pleased to have in our form the School rounders captain and vice-captain (D. Palmer and W. Lovell).

Lane i, Clark, Lane ii and Malin have played in the 1st cricket XI. D. Palmer, W. Lovell, P. Tipping, B. Clarke have played in the rounders teams.

M. Woodfield is a member of the 1st tennis VI.

For about a fortnight early this term, our formroom looked like a bluebell wood, owing to the efforts of a hard-working member of our form.

#### IV.b

While acting "Twelfth Night" recently, we discovered that we have several promising singers in our form, even if they can sing only when they are under the influence of drink.

This term the class room has been turned into the French room, under our new French master. This means that we have to move out of the class room for every lesson, *including French!* Three boards have been erected along two of the walls, about which many questions were asked when they were first put up, but nobody seemed to know the answer. Now many posters and pictures of France and its sports have been fastened to these boards.

The Hexigang this term have not made as much noise as usual, but certain members have been caught talking during registration and have had to copy out a verb table fastened above the door.

At Easter, W. Jones left the form, which is gradually decreasing in number. In spite of careful cleaning up (by the boys) after school, the picture for the best-kept formroom was lost last term to III.a.

C. MORTIMORE.

#### III.a

Form captains this term are Barbara Harrison and Miller ii.

One of the most amusing happenings this term was when a girl was moved for misbehaviour in maths. Funnily enough, the person she sat by was her ardent admirer. This pleased her so much that she is sitting there permanently now, regardless of the teasing of her friends.

Other amusing incidents this term are not very many. An orange belonging to Margaret Salmons was rolled out on the floor in French. It was discovered and confiscated. Perhaps it will teach the daring madam a lesson.

We were awarded the picture for the tidiest formroom last term. I don't think we'll get it this term!

Our form is supposed to be the rowdiest in the school. But what happens upstairs?

I wonder who hid the chalk and board rubber the other day? They were discovered in an unused desk.

Twelve girls out of nineteen are in the summer games teams this term.

An episode of paper-flicking was soon stopped by members of staff. Rubber bands were used. What fun!

Our boys are very modest about their cricket scoring. A large score is put in large figures, but little or no score in tiny microscopic hieroglyphics.

We have a very efficient flower monitress in Maureen Bryan. Her arrangement of flowers so attracts the art mistress that she chooses our flowers for her pupils to draw. Poor things!

SUSAN SALMONS.

## III.b

In our form there are twenty-seven pupils. We belong to the geography room, and we have to carry all our books with us because there is usually another class in the geography room.

Kathleen Norton and Keyte are the form captains. The games captains are Joinson and Gillian Rawlings, but we are not very good at games.

Just lately we have had an addition to our form. This was the arrival of Dormand, soon nicknamed "Doormat," but he overworked himself after a few days and so had to have a short rest.

Pat Wellum is the comedienne of the form. Her best effort was when she hit Gould on the head with a flower vase. Recently Pat and Co. decided to hide all the boys' satchels and cases inside the games apparatus of Studley Collège, which were left on the verandah after a gym display. No sooner had the boys discovered their losses than "Hunts" of Studley came to collect the apparatus, and the so-called joke succeeded far better than was planned.

Our form master is Mr. Petherbridge. Kathleen Norton was picked to represent the school in the sports at the Alcester Carnival.

In our first cricket match of the season, we were all out for thirteen, and ten of these runs were extras.

*A. JOINSON and JUNE KERRY.*

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1951! PEACE AND PLENTY?

On Saturday morn as I go to the shops,  
I think: "Will the butcher sell us some chops?  
Will it be beef as small as a button.  
Or p'raps it will be a piece of ewe-mutton?"

As I enter the shop, I notice with sorrow—  
"No meat! Oh, what shall we eat to-morrow?  
No beef, no pork, no lamb, no rabbits.  
I wonder if he would make us some faggots?"

He looks in the frig., and under the counter,  
But not a morsel does he encounter  
Except a small piece of reindeer meat  
Which would shrivel to nothing and be too tough to eat.

I look at that morsel with great dismay.  
Pick up my handbag and walk quickly away.

*KATHLEEN HIGHMAN (IV.A).*

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BADGER

Up the field, I crept at night,  
As quiet as I could be,  
It gave the badgers such a fright  
When they looked up at me;  
I saw four of them playing there,  
A sight I'd never seen.  
Then I could only stand and stare  
At the holes where they had been:

For like a flash they ran away  
As quick as quick could be.  
I had disturbed them at their play:  
They didn't like the look of me.

*B. MERRIS (I.B).*

### THE HOUSE FLY

The house fly is a real pest.  
To annoy us all it does its best.  
It lays its eggs upon our food  
And puts us in a dreadful mood.

We take a piece of paper rolled.  
And hit at it for being so bold.  
Off it goes, up the wall,  
Over the ceiling it does crawl.

Speedily it descends on us,  
Making a great amount of fuss.  
We hit it hard up the head.  
And quickly then it falls down dead.

*M. SOLLIS (I.A.)*

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### THE OLD LADY

The little old lady walked down the cobbled High Street in the little village with light, springing footsteps. She was not more than five feet tall, with her grey hair drawn back into the nape of her neck in a quaint, old-fashioned "bun." The first thing that one noticed about her was neatness. Her trim little figure and serene grey eyes impressed this upon you. Her hair, although the day was windy, was orderly, and her highly-polished spectacles glinted in the sunlight.

Her clothing was entirely brown. She wore a neat, sensible brown coat, a small perky brown hat, and her feet were neatly shod in brogues. As she trotted along the pavement, her heels clicking on the cobbles, one had the impression of happiness and tranquility. She had a smile or a nod for everyone, and as she passed into a shop, I felt that I had met someone who had really made a success of her life.

*CAROLYN WOODWARD (II.A.)*

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### JUNE THE SIXTEENTH

Home from school on Friday, June 15th! My satchel goes flying into the corner, home-work is forgotten, and I begin a feverish search for my other satchel, rods and licence. Then an evening is spent getting all ready for the morrow. Have I enough hooks? I wonder. Is my line all right? What about the shot? Oh! I remember the bait, and up the garden I dash in a hunt for worms, but they all seem to have gone to Australia. I succeed in getting a few stragglers. Repeated shouts of "Supper!" bring me in, and off to bed with a last word, "Call me at six in the morning, mum!"

The alarm goes off. The day has arrived. I hear a cry of "David." I think, "Ha, no school to-day!" I am up and ready in a flash. 7.30 a.m. finds me at the river bank, but I am not the early bird. The "Brummies" have arrived, and keep coming; bikes, buses, cars and motor-bikes pull up, and we all settle down to a day's fishing.

*D. SHEPPARD (I.B.)*



Nous avons deux équipes et toutes les semaines nous avons des concours, par exemple, Vingt Questions, concours de vedettes de cinéma, concours demandez le chemin à . . .

Nous avons lu des scènes du "Bourgeois Gentil homme" de Molière, qui était très amusant.

Nous espérons obtenir bientôt des publications Françaises. M. McAlister et Mlle. M. Craddock en ont apporté et nous nous sommes amusés à les regarder.

Ce trimestre nous avons une salle Française. M. McAlister a apporté beaucoup de tableaux et de cartes de France pour annettre sur les murs.

*FRANCES HIGHMAN.*

### **AEROMODELLING AND RADIO SOCIETIES**

Many successful meetings have been held this term. On fine afternoons, several trials were held by members who had completed their models. Due to instability, however, a few of them crash-landed, much to the annoyance of their owners. The following week repairs were carried out on the damaged 'planes. Members with incomplete models hastened to cover them in order to compete in the trials.

Members of the Radio Society spent their time discussing circuits, investigating various components, and carrying out repairs on faulty physics apparatus.

*P. G.*

### **SCOUTS**

This term we have been completing our second-class tests, and have made fair progress. We have now a first-class scout (a new recruit) in our midst, and he has done much to improve our standard.

*E. F.*

### **CRICKET, 1951**

*Captain:* Buckley. *Secretary:* Hadwen.

This term the 1st XI. consisted of several new players, who have practised enthusiastically with the team. Unfortunately one home match against Redditch C.H.S. had to be cancelled owing to adverse weather conditions.

In the low-scoring game against Hanley Castle we were unfortunate to lose, but in the next match we proved our worth by beating Evesham by one run. At one time during the game, they had scored 78 for eight, but two catches won the match.

In the last three matches we have not been so successful.

The 2nd XI. have played two matches, drawing each of them, and they were unlucky not to win.

The school has been represented by : Hadwen, Savage, Clark, Feast, Alder, Shelton i, Paddock, Lane i, Lane ii, Malin, Fogg, Sutor, Aspinwall, Weaver, Perryman and Buckley.

The 2nd XI. has been represented by : Malin, Keyte i, Weaver, Goodman, Wright, Lane ii, Miller i, Barratt, Hemming, Watton, Shakles.

### RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Hanley Castle 1st XI. (away). Lost, 24—33.  
 .. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (home). Won, 79 for 8 dec.—78.  
 .. v. Stratford G.S. 1st XI. (away). Drawn, 62 for 7—106 for 1.  
 .. v. Redditch C.H.S. 1st XI. (away). Lost, 46—47 for 5.  
 .. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. 1st XI. (away). Lost, 27—106 for 7.  
 .. v. Chipping Campden G.S. 1st XI. (away). Drawn, 37 for 5—106 for 6.  
 A.G.S. 2nd XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. "A" (home). Drawn, 68—54 for 8.  
 .. v. Bromsgrove 2nd XI. (away). Drawn, 75 for 5 dec.—44 for 7.  
 SIDES MATCHES: Jackals 49 for 4, Tomtits 48; Brownies 52, Tomtits 26; Jackals 96 for 8 dec., Brownies 76.

C.E.B.

### TENNIS, 1951

*Captain* : F. Highman. *Vice-Captain* : P. Aspinwall.

*Secretary* : B. Druller.

We were very disappointed that our first two matches this term were cancelled owing to bad weather.

After-school practices on Tuesdays and Fridays have been attended enthusiastically, and it is encouraging to see the progress made by some of the younger girls.

In our first match against Redditch we were defeated, but the team put up a good fight. We easily won against Hugh Clopton, but we should never have let Studley College defeat us by seven sets to two.

If we can keep up the standard of play maintained in the match against Bromsgrove, we should be more successful in our last matches of the season.

The challenge system has been continued this season with the usual enthusiasm, and it is surprising how many of the Middle School have reached the first three divisions.

The school has been represented by : P. Aspinwall, F. Highman, M. Woodfield, R. Varney, B. Druller, J. Bunting, W. Lovell.

### RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st VI. v. Redditch C.H.S. 1st VI. (away). Lost, 3 sets—6 sets.  
 .. v. Hugh Clopton 1st VI. (home). Won, 7 sets—2 sets.  
 .. v. Studley College (home). Lost, 2 sets—7 sets.  
 .. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. 1st VI. (away). Won, 7 sets—2 sets.  
 A.G.S. 1st IV. v. Chipping Campden G.S. 1st IV. (away). Lost, 1 set—3 sets.

F.H.

### ROUNDERS, 1951

*Captain* : Dorothy Palmer. *Vice-Captain* : Wendy Lovell.

Unfortunately the first two matches this term had to be cancelled owing to the continuation of winter games, and therefore only three matches have been played. Both teams gained victories against Redditch High School and Hugh Clopton School, but were defeated by

Bromsgrove High School. Practices are held regularly after school on Thursdays, which are attended by quite a number of very enthusiastic juniors who, if they keep up their practice, should be very useful.

The two teams have been chosen from: M. Bennett, P. Tipping, E. Lewis, S. George, B. Clarke, A. Lidgley, W. Lovell, W. Grummett, D. Palmer, P. O'Nions, S. Devey, J. Smith, S. Merris, S. Winspear, B. Phillips, K. Richards, S. Salmons, M. Salmons, P. Rook, Y. Beesley, S. Taylor and P. Palmer.

### RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st IX. v. Redditch C.H.S. (away). Won, 3— $\frac{1}{2}$  and an innings.  
 " v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (home). Won, 6— $\frac{1}{2}$ .  
 " v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away). Lost, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —8 $\frac{1}{2}$ .  
 A.G.S. 2nd IX. v. Redditch C.H.S. (away). Won, 6—4 $\frac{1}{2}$ .  
 " v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (home). Won, 7—4.  
 " v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away). Lost, 3—4.  
 " v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away). Won, 3—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ .  
 SIDES MATCHES: Tomtits 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Brownies 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Jackals 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ , Brownies 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Jackals 5, Tomtits 2.

*D.P.*

### SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following details could not be recorded in the March issue :—

#### HOCKEY (BOYS)

A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (home). Won, 4—1.  
 " v. A.G.S. Girls' 1st XI. Won, 8—1.

#### ANALYSIS

	Goals				
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For Against
A.G.S. 1st XI. ....	5	3	2	—	18 7
SIDES MATCHES: Jackals 3, Tomtits 2; Tomtits 1, Brownies 1; Brownies 4, Jackals 3.					
SIDES MATCHES (Junior): Tomtits 5, Brownies 1; Tomtits 4, Jackals 0; Brownies 4, Jackals 2.					

#### HOCKEY (GIRLS)

A.G.S. 1st XI. v. A.G.S. Boys' 1st XI. Lost, 1—8.  
 " v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. 1st XI. (home). Lost, 1—3.  
 " v. Ragley Ladies (home). Lost, 1—3.  
 " v. Old Scholars (home). Won, 3—2.  
 A.G.S. 2nd XI. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. 2nd XI. (home). Won, 2—1.

#### ANALYSIS

	Goals				
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For Against
A.G.S. 1st XI. ....	7	4	3	—	24 20
A.G.S. 2nd XI. ....	1	1	—	—	2 1
SIDES MATCHES: Jackals 8, Tomtits 0; Jackals 5, Brownies 0.					
SIDES MATCHES (Junior): Jackals 5, Tomtits 0; Brownies 3, Jackals 1.					

In addition to those mentioned in the March magazine, S. Winspear has played in the 1st XI.

The following played in the 2nd XI.: P. Elmore, A. Lidgley, E. Lewis, K. Richards, S. Winspear, S. Taylor, K. Highman, M. Bennett, J. Dayer-Smith, B. Bryan, P. O'Nions.

#### NETBALL

A.G.S. 1st VII. v. Worcester G.G.S. 1st VII. (away). Lost, 5—18.  
 A.G.S. 2nd VII. v. Worcester G.G.S. 2nd VII. (away). Lost, 2—28.  
 A.G.S. "Over 15" VII. v. Hugh Clopton "Over 15" VII. (away). Lost, 2—12.  
 A.G.S. "Under 15" VII. v. Hugh Clopton "Under 15" VII. (away). Lost, 1—21.

#### ANALYSIS

	Goals				
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For Against
A.G.S. 1st VII. ....	3	2	1	—	40 69
A.G.S. 2nd VII. ....	1	—	1	—	2 28
SIDES MATCHES: Jackals 11, Brownies 10; Brownies 18, Tomtits 5.					

In addition to those mentioned in the March magazine, the following played for the School: 1st VII., J. Smith; 2nd VII., R. Parker, P. Palmer, S. Morris.

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